Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI

For a Woman's Heart

A ROMANCE OF MODERN VENICE.

By ROBERTO RIBERA.
(Translated from the Italian.)

THE broiling midday sun glowed from a cloudless sky on the streets of Venice. Not a breath of wind ruffled the smooth surface of the lagoon.

Venice was taking its siesta.

Even the gondolas did not disturb the waters of the lagoon and the canal; only a few tugs were puffing along asthmatically.

Among the men and women who ventured out was a tall, muscular young man, Alvise Garofani. He kept close to the houses, seeking shade here and there. As he passed the little church of San Francesco di Paola a frown darkened his face. The curato had recently dared to stop him on the street and to upbraid him for his wild career.

"Let the old baldhead look after his own kind," he grumbled; "there are plenty of priests in Venice whose lives are full of scandals. He'd better not bother me, for there is a way of stopping his mouth."

Alvise's hand grasped a dagger in his trousers pocket.

Under the shadow of the church stood the inn of Father Zulian, a hoary, gray stone structure. Over the door three large pink flowers were painted above the legend, "The Three Pinks."

Alvise kicked a sleeping cat from the doorstep as he pushed aside the curtain to enter the barroom. Behind the bar stood Nietta, the pretty daughter of Father Zulian. She was busily engaged washing glasses and bottles.

"Good morning, Nietta," said Alvise.

The barmaid did not look up from her work. She pretended not to hear.

"I greeted you, Nietta."

"I heard it," she replied.

"Why do you not answer?" he asked.

Nietta slapped her wet hand on the bar and with a look of contempt said:

"Your greeting to me?—no!"

"Have a care, Nietta!" he cried.

A mocking smile came over her face.

"You'd better take care that you don't wake up father. Nothing makes him angrier than to be disturbed in his siesta. Then he won't trust you any more, and a loafer like you can't pay."

Alvise wanted to make a violent reply, but feared to awaken Zulian. He drew his face over the bar and whispered: "Why do you speak thus to me, Nietta? Do you know that I think of you day and night, that I love you with my whole heart, that I dream only of the happiness some day to be able to call you mine?"

"Dream of whom you please," cried Nietta, impatiently, "but leave me alone."

"Nietta, dear one," he stammered, grasping her hand.

She tore herself away and shook her hand as if to rid it of some unclean animal. "Do not touch me! Oh, how I despise you!"

Alvise's brown face became ashy pale, his teeth buried themselves in his lips. He clenched his fists. Then he laughed sneeringly.

"I ought to have known better," he said, "for I have seen how you care for Shoemaker Carlo, the beau of the Via Garibaldi."

A momentary bashfulness came over Nietta. Then she raised her head proudly and said: "What is it your business, if I do?"

Alvise's passion devoured him as he beheld the tall figure, the fine countenance, framed in jet black hair, the snowy white teeth between the rosy lips of Nietta.

"Take heed," he grumbled, "or you may rue that you have thwarted me."

Nietta shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. At this juncture Father Zulian yawned, rubbed his eyes and looked around. "Hello, is that you, Alvise? Have you come to pay your debt? It's high time."

"I hope you will add another bottle to my bill, Father Zulian," replied Alvise, smiling.

"Not another pint," declared the host. "In my inn only pure wine is served, and I want to see good money for it, but if you have none you would better seek another place in which to quench your eternal thirst."

"You haven't slept out well, Father Zulian," returned Alvise, "otherwise you would not treat one of your best customers so shabbily, just because he happens to be out of money. Well, I will soon call again, and then you and Nietta will treat me better."

"You are always welcome when you have plenty of coin," was Zulian's reply.

Nietta made a cross and whispered: "Santa Marie, keep him from me."

* * * *

On the Rio del Riello stood the little house of Mother Agnese, the washerwoman. Twenty-five years ago she had moved there with her Toni, a laughing, happy young bride. Love, joy and thrift dwelled in their humble home. And when, one day, the voice of little Carlo filled the house for the first time, Toni and Agnese would not have exchanged it for the loftiest palace on the Canale Grande. Later, however, came the evil day, when Toni went fishing on the lagoon and did not return at night. For eight long days and nights Agnese wept and prayed before the Madonna in her room. Then the body of her beloved was brought to her. The storm in which he had perished had subsided. The sky was like blue velvet and land and water glittered in the sun. But to Agnese it seemed as if eternal night had spread over the earth.

There is no better defense against sorrow and heartpain than work. Agnese learned to live for her child, and she washed from morning till night.

Years passed and Carlo grew to manhood. He wanted to become a fisherman like his father, but he yielded to his mother, who feared to sacrifice her only son to the lagoon. Carlo became a shoemaker. He was a fine type of muscular Italian manhood. Girls from near and far brought their shoes and slippers to his little shop in the Rio del Riello. With their shoes they brought their hearts. Carlo had only to say the word and the prettiest and proudest among them would not have said no. He had a pleasant smile and a witty word for all of them, but his heart clung to his mother. He lived only for her and his work. On the street and at places of amusement he was always accompanied by her.

The last carnival had brought a great change in Carlo. Agnese herself had prevailed on him to mix in the crowds. Accident brought him to Zulian's inn. There he saw Nietta. Since then he had lived in dreamland. He saw the beautiful girl in his own house, sitting near him while he was at work. He felt her rosy lips on his—the picture was so beautiful. He recalled it while working and sleeping.

One day Alvise called on Carlo. He was alone in his shop.

"How is my friend Carlo?" exclaimed Alvise. "You look like you were in love. I can guess the name of the fortunate one. It's Nietta, Zulian's daughter."

Carlo blushed. "How do you know?" he asked. "And why does it concern you?"

"Is that the way you greet your best friend?" asked Alvise.

"My best friend?" rejoined the cobbler.

"Yes; in the future I'll be your best friend. Listen to me, Carlo. Nietta has jilted me. There is no hope for me there. I know how much you love her, and as I cannot bear the thought that she will marry any one of the worthless fellows that frequent the inn, I came to help you."

"Alvise," exclaimed Carlo, "by the Holy Virgin, do not make sport of me!"

"I came to give you good advice," assured Alvise.

"What advice could you give me?"

"I could show you how to gain Nietta," laughed Alvise. "You don't go about it in the right way. You are too bashful and sedate. You must play the generous spendthrift and be a jolly, good fellow. This will get you the friendship of Father Zulian, and Nietta will have respect for you and be proud of you."

"Perhaps you are right," said Carlo, thoughtfully; "but what about my mother?"

"Why, your mother ought to let you off once in awhile. She certainly will not stand in the way of your happiness, even if she had to miss you a few nights."

"You are right," said Carlo. "I love Nietta dearly, and I will make the attempt to win her this very day."

Carlo began to dress to go out. Carlo wanted to go at once to Father Zulian's inn. But Alvise thought it was too early. He counseled him to spend a short time first in the inn of Mother Osteria, where the friends of Alvise reveled in wine and song. This would put him in the right mood to meet Nietta, Alvise said.

They sat at a table with the hilarious crowd, and drank wine until late in the evening. It heated the blood in Carlo's veins. When, finally, Carlo left the inn and walked down the Via di Garibaldi, arm in arm with Alvise, people looked on in surprise. Was this the quiet, honest Carlo? How did he come in the company of Alvise? Still waters run deep, said the gossips.

Nietta was amazed when she saw Carlo enter the barroom. She loved the handsome youth and had really hoped that he would lay aside his bashfulness, but she never expected to see him in company with Alvise, half intoxicated. At first she felt inclined to warn Carlo against Alvise, but knowing the latter's desperate character, she feared she might provoke a fight.

Carlo ordered one bottle after another, and Father Zulian proved a genial host. Carlo felt that he was gaining his aim, and thanked Alvise profusely. But he was surprised that Nietta kept at a distance, and that her face betrayed sadness.

"Don't worry," assured Alvise. "Nietta wants to abide her time and see how you turn out."

Meanwhile, Mother Agnese waited anxiously for her son.

Finally the door opened, and a voice cried: "Good-by, Alvise. I will see you again to-morrow."

Her son tumbled through the room and, without noticing her, fell on his bed. He was snoring a few minutes later.

Mother Agnese sat as if rooted to her chair. Then she arose and went with trembling steps into her room. She knew that her son was back under her roof, and yet she felt that she had lost him forever.

Carlo often tried to escape the hypnotic influences of Alvise. He spent his money fast, and yet Nietta seemed to avoid him. He neglected his business and ignored his mother's anxious warnings. One evening, after his mother had fondly thrown her arms around him, and begged him to stay at home, he half promised to do so. But Alvise came and asked him why he did not keep his appointment. The words of defiance Carlo had framed were not spoken. It was such a merry thing to go and drink from one inn to the other, to sing with the jolly boys, and to play the mandolin. Then came the image of Nietta, and Carlo had whispered to his mother: "I will go once more, but this is the last time."

Carlo and Alvise entered The Three Pinks. Nietta sat at the window knitting. She returned Carlo's greeting coldly.

When the young men were seated at a table in the barroom, Alvise was surprised that Carlo did not order anything.

"Our throats will be parched if we keep this up," he remarked.

"Drink what you please at my expense, but I will have no wine tonight," Carlo said as he arose from the table and stepped to the window where Nietta feigned to be ignorant of his presence.

"Nietta, have you nothing to say to me?"

"Yes; what is it? I will bring you your wine in a minute," she replied.

"I will have no wine."

"You will have no wine?" she asked, mockingly. "For what other purpose do you come here?"

"To speak with you."

"To speak with me? What can you have to say to me?"

"I come to ask you in all earnestness to be my wife."

Nietta looked straight into Carlo's eyes, and said, angrily: "So you imagine that I could take a fellow like you for a husband—one who neglects his work, loafs in barrooms and does nothing all day but drink and play the mandolin? You talk of making me happy, when you make your mother miserable. A bad son never made a good husband."

"You are doing me an injustice," stammered Carlo.

"By all the saints, no!" cried Nietta. "You are worse than your companion. He was bad from his childhood up, but one who has been good and industrious like you to become so bad, so unworthy—is terrible!"

"Stop, Nietta," cried Carlo. "It was all for you."

"For me? This is an insult. Do you think you can gain an honest girl by becoming a loafer and a drunkard?"

"Nietta, it will be otherwise. I'll turn over a new leaf from to-day. I see, I have been ill-advised."

"Yes," said Nietta, "you have been ill-advised. You despise the counsel of mother and pastor and all good friends, and hearken to low companions. I will have none of you."

"I'll die of thirst," cried Alvise, from the other end of the room."

"Never mind," replied Carlo. "We will empty barrels to-night. "Wine, wine, Nietta, let's have wine."

For hours the two drank and laughed together. Then they arose and lurched, half-intoxicated, to the inn of Mother Osteria. There they met the same merry, drunken crowd of the nights before.

"Congratulate my friend," exclaimed Alvise, triumphantly, to his comrades. "He will remain a bachelor like ourselves. The prettiest girl in Venice has just jilted him."

"Bravo! bravo!" came from the merrymakers.

A sudden anger overcame Carlo.

"You are a villain!" he exclaimed to Alvise, rushing upon him. Alvise, quick as lightning, grasped his dagger, and before anyone could interfere, he had thrust it into the breast of the shoemaker. Carlo fell unconscious on a chair.

Alvise ran out of the inn and vanished. Half an hour later a mournful procession made its way slowly to the cottage of Agnese, in the Rio del Riello. The apparently dead body of Carlo was carried on a stretcher by four men, followed by a few sympathetic friends.

A neighbor had heard of the affray and ran to prepare poor Agnese.

"May the Madonna help you. Great bereavement is in store for you," she said.

"Oh, holy Virgin! it is my son!" cried Agnese, rushing to the door. At sight of the stretcher, she fell in a heap on the street.

An hour later the surgeon arrived. After examining Agnese, he said, pitifully: "She is beyond aid—heart disease. But I may be able to do something for the boy."

Six long months Carlo lingered in his bed in the hospital. When he was dismissed, his first steps were directed the old curator.

The good pastor heartily grasped the hand of his visitor, who was but a shadow of his former self.

"You must have suffered much, my son," he said.

"I did, father," replied Carlo, with a look of despair; "but more in soul than in body. I will try to make amends."

"If you had only followed my advice," gently reproved the pastor, "your mother would be alive this day."

"I will enter a cloister to atone for my sins."

"This may be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. How do you know you have a call for such a life?"

"Dear father, I must atone for my sins."

"This is not always done in a cloister," said the practical pastor. "Some are called by Providence to atone for evil by living a life of reform in the sight of men. For some it is better to hide themselves in the cells of the monasteries. We'll see. We'll see. Come to-morrow and we'll talk it over."

"Good-by, dear father. I will go now to the grave of my mother and ask forgiveness."

Carlo made his way slowly to the cemetery. At the grave he was surprised to find Nietta there, laying a bouquet of flowers on the little mound that marked his mother's grave. Nietta looked at him and said:

"Is it you, Carlo? How pale and changed you are. You must have suffered much."

"Thank you, Nietta, for your interest and for your care of the grave." Then, with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed: "My good, good old mother, forgive me!"

Carlo stood weeping for a long time. He could not tear himself away from the spot until Nietta took him gently by the arm and said: "Let us go."

Silently they walked between the graves. At last Nietta said, softly: "They say that Alvise has fled to America."

"I heard it. May he never return."

As the couple passed the little chapel at the entrance to the cemetery Carlo stopped and knelt before the image of the Virgin and prayed long and earnestly.

"Oh, that I knew that mother had forgiven me," he sighed.

"She has forgiven you, Carlo," said Nietta, gently. "A mother's love endures even beyond the grave."

"If that is true," replied Carlo, "my whole life will be a sacrifice."

"Carlo," said Nietta, "I have seen your tears and I have mixed mine with them. What I refused you on the day of Mother Agnese's death, because I did not trust you, I feel I may venture to give you now. You shall not go alone through this life. Here is my heart, and may your mother bless our bond."

Carlo stood for a moment as if stupefied. His knees trembled. Then he understood it all. He opened his arms and pressed Nietta to his breast.

Easy When You Know How.

Briggs—Did you have any trouble making love to that Boston girl?

Griggs—Not after I had broken the ice.—Town Topics.

HILL AND HARMONY.

Former New York Senator Applauded by Tammany.

Appeals for Peace in the Democracy and Berates the Administration of Roosevelt and the Republicans.

There was considerable of a boom for former Senator David B. Hill at a meeting of the New York Democratic club Monday night, April 14, when he made a strong plea for harmony in the party and severely scored the administration of President Roosevelt. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Why should we divide over the questionable utterances of modern party platforms, largely designed to meet temporary emergencies which soon pass away, when we are all united upon the rock-bottom and fundamental doctrines of our faith intended to last as long as our government itself shall endure?

"Why should there be factional quarrels over details when we are all united upon essentials? It is the part of wisdom for the democracy to push to the front the issues upon which there is substantial unanimity and ignore those in regard to which there are such serious and honest differences of opinion as must be fatal to practical success.

"The administration of President Roosevelt is all at sea. It has no fixed policies and no conscientious convictions. It 'wabbles' upon every public question with which it assumes to deal. The messages and public utterances of the president are merely elaborate treatises upon elementary questions of government, containing nothing new and nothing definite. He has no policy in opposition to that of congress and is prepared to approve whatever congress does.

"We have learned to distrust the utterances of republican presidents upon tariff questions, because they are evidently not their own masters, but are largely controlled by the great tariff interests which usually dictate the republican tariff legislation of this country.

"If any relief whatever to Cuba shall be secured from the present administration it will be due to the decided stand taken by the democrats in congress in insisting that justice should be done.

Attacks Regime in Philippines.

"The policy of the administration in the Philippine islands is a disgrace to civilization. The attempt with regard to these possessions to imitate the foreign policy of England has proved a dismal failure.

"The administration will send its special representatives to witness the coronation of a king, but it has no words of sympathy to express for the brave farmers of South Africa who are heroically struggling to maintain their republics.

"Republican incompetency to deal with the financial question is almost self-confessed. It was ostentatiously proclaimed that the gold standard had been unalterably and successfully adopted by the McKinley administration, and now we are told that new and additional legislation is imperatively required for that purpose and in order to preserve the honor and credit of the country."

Sees Evil in Combinations.

After defining the theories of government as contemplated by Jefferson and federal parties, Mr. Hill went on to speak of the question of combinations of capital. He said:

"One of the great problems which is now presented to the people for their solution is how shall Jefferson's sentiments be utilized for the prevention of the evils which he foreshadowed? It is not a question for political jugglery. It is not a question to be lightly dismissed.

"It is not for the true interest of any community that a few men should be the employers and that the great body should be employes or servants, and this is especially not desirable in a republic where it should be the policy of the laws to multiply rather than reduce the numbers engaged in independent pursuits and in the profits of production.

"In a free republic like ours an equality of fortunes among our citizens is believed to be desirable, and industrial liberty tends toward that result, and hence is essential.

Would Withdraw Tariff Favors.

"Jefferson's teachings might suggest a limitation upon the amount of the dividends which could be lawfully declared or upon the profits which could be legally accumulated by tremendous business organizations. Or he might demand that the government, in justice to the overburdened taxpayers, should withdraw its tariff favors from the 'infant industries' represented by these institutions, whose projectors are already rolling in wealth and are astonishing the world by the munificence of their private benefactions.

"We may well believe that Jefferson, who was equal to every emergency in the early history of the country, would, if he were in power, find some appropriate and adequate remedy to curb the rapacity and restrict the dangerous power of these gigantic combinations."

Opposes a Colonial System.

On the subject of colonial extension Mr. Hill said:

"It is safe to believe that Jefferson would never have favored an expansion of our jurisdiction which did not carry with it the provisions of our constitution, to which he was so devotedly attached and which he defended so vigorously with his voice and pen. He would unquestionably have viewed with abhorrence the establishment of a permanent American colonial system, whether contained under military rule or under civil authority appointed by the central government at Washington. His theory was unquestionably the democratic doctrine of today—that this government has no more authority to create a permanent colonial system than it has the right to create a king.

Present Duty of Democrats.

"Jefferson believed in honest men, in honest methods and in honest government. He would have uprooted corruption had it existed in either nation, state or municipality.

"There are numerous indications of a revival of popular confidence in democratic policies, state and national. A change of measures and of men seems to be imperatively demanded by the best interests of our state and country.

"Our opponents have only succeeded in recent years by unfortunate divisions among ourselves. Let our faces now be toward the common enemy.

"It is a time for unity, for organization, for wise councils and for aggressive action."

—Rathbone once did a good turn for Hanna and now Hanna is trying to do a good turn for Rathbone. In other words, Rathbone has a "pull."—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

SHOP WINDOW EXHIBITS.

Grass mattings are much shown for summer floor covering. This matting comes in attractive designs, especially the solid colors, and is quite inexpensive.

New slip coverings for the protection of furniture are marvels of design, weave and color luxury. Indeed, many are really prettier than the chairs they cover.

Slips corded, tucked and plaited are trimmed with pointed collars that look like miniature yokes; they all have some sort of a new sleeve, either coming to the elbow or bell shaped.

The opportunities offered in the shops for pleasing selections in plaited and burned wood photograph frames are numerous. All sorts of shapes, sizes and styles are shown, some with two openings, some with three.

Cameos are again in vogue—the real old-fashioned shell cameos. They are cut in the old classic heads, in "shepherdesses" and landscape designs, but more fashionable yet is the fad of having your own profile or that of your "heart's love" cut.

PLACE THE BLAME WHERE IT BELONGS.

Secretary of State Sam Cook Shows That the Republicans Saddled a Great Debt Upon the State---A Few Historical Reminiscences.

Jefferson City, Mo., April 17.—Secretary of State Sam B. Cook, in the latest chapter of his political handbook, makes an exceedingly interesting subject of the origin and reduction of the state debt. In this chapter given to the press to-day, Mr. Cook says:

CHAPTER V.

So much that is wholly at variance with the official records has been published by a partizan republican press concerning the creaton and reduction of the state debt that a brief recital of the facts will not be out of place at this time.

The republicans make two specific allegations regarding the state debt, which, if both be true, would relieve that party of any responsibility for the more than forty millions of dollars, principal and interest, which the people of Missouri have been required to pay since the republicans were in control of the state.

First, they assert that the state debt originated before the republicans came into power.

Second, that the railroads, to aid in the construction of which the state bonds were issued, were not corruptly or improperly relieved of their financial obligations to the state while the republicans were in control.

The first allegation is true, and has never been questioned from a democratic standpoint.

Origin of the State Debt.

Prior to the civil war, when millionaires were few, and private capital for the construction of railways was as scarce as it is now plentiful for that purpose, both the national and state governments were lending their credit to aid in the building of these great enterprises, the construction of which was admittedly essential to the development of the country.

The national government, in addition to loaning its credit, made large grants of public lands to aid these enterprises.

Missouri, from 1851 to 1857, loaned her credit to these enterprises, taking as security for the bonds issued a first mortgage lien on the property of the road, including not only their right of way, superstructure, buildings, equipment, etc., but also the lands granted them by the national government. Counties, towns and individuals made liberal subscriptions to these enterprises, and these subscriptions, with the money advanced by the parties constructing the roads, all went to secure the state.

Gov. Sterling Price was opposed to the policy of the state aiding in the construction of railroads and vetoed the measure, but the general assembly passed the bill over his veto by the constitutional majority.

It should be borne in mind that the aid loaned by the state was for the construction of the main lines of the Missouri Pacific, Wabash (then North Missouri), Hannibal & St. Joseph, Iron Mountain and Southwest Pacific (now Frisco).

The national government had granted these lines 1,824,434 acres of land to aid in their construction, and this valuable property was also included in the mortgage held by the state.

Under the conditions imposed by the legislature, the state was amply secured against loss. If, however, any of our republican friends are skeptical on this point, they are respectfully referred to the inaugural address of the republican governor, who, in 1865, in reviewing the conditions of railroads, concluded with this statement:

"The roads are ample security for the amounts advanced by the state to them respectively."

So much for the creation of the debt and the security provided.

Republicans Plundered the People.

Now, let us see if the securities were squandered and the debt thereby imposed on the people through corrupt and fraudulent methods.

The Wabash owed the state in principal and interest $6,960,000.

The legislature, which was overwhelmingly republican in both branches, in the session of 1868 passed this act:

"That the debt due, or to become due, from the North Missouri Railroad Co. to the state of Missouri for bonds of the state loaned said company in aid in the construction of their road (amounting to $4,350,000), and for interest paid on said bonds by the state, is hereby sold and assigned to Henry T. Blow, * * * * * and their associate, for the sum of $200,000, which sum may be paid in any outstanding state bonds, and shall be paid into the state treasury on or before the fourth day of July next."

By this act there was fastened on the state a debt of $6,760,000.

This republican legislature did not by any means limit its corporation-debt-releasing and state-debt-creating tactics to the Wabash.

Iron Mountain Farce.

The Iron Mountain went through the farce of a public sale. The highest bid was rejected, and the road, which owed the state over $6,000,000, was awarded by the commissioners to a firm by the name of "A. J. McKay and others" for the sum of $550,000.

The commissioners rejected bids for over a million dollars.

Evidence taken before the McGinnis legislative committee developed the fact that McKay's visible property consisted of a span of Arkansas mules and an open spring wagon, and that the others associated with him as purchasers included three brothers of one of the commissioners, who voted to reject the higher bid.

By this Iron Mountain transaction an additional debt of $6,061,454 was fastened upon the state.

Queer Missouri Pacific Deal.

But still the ravenous maws of the political bloodsuckers of that corruption-breeding period were not satisfied. The Missouri Pacific owed the state $10,780,000. At this same session, a legislative committee reported to that body that, after thorough investigation, they found the Missouri Pacific road to be worth $12,797,497.

This was 20 per cent. above the amount due the state. Yet within a month from the date of this report this legislature passed an act fastening upon the state $5,780,000 of the Missouri Pacific indebtedness and relieving the railroad company of this sum.

Naturally, the question would arise as to the cause which led the legislature to add over $5,000,000 to the burdens of the people.

Corrupt Fund Used.

The facts came out in a suit in the United States court in the case of James M. Lamb et al. vs. The Missouri Pacific Railroad Co., in which the evidence established the fact that a corruption fund of $193,648.60 had been used by the managers of the Missouri Pacific to pass the bill releasing the road of $5,780,000 and fastening that sum on the people.

Mock Sale of the Frisco.

But still there were other promoters and political favorites to be taken care of. The Frisco owed the state $6,500,000. Another mock sale was held, and the road, with over a million acres of land, knocked off for $1,300,000.

After the purchasers paid $325,000, they concluded the state could be beaten out of the remainder, and this same legislature generously passed an act relieving the purchasers of the payment of the remainder of their bill.

By this last act the state had fastened upon it an additional debt of $6,198,770.

These are all matters of record. They constitute one of the darkest chapters in the history of the commonwealth.

Riotous corruption held high carnival in the legislative halls of the state, a condition more appalling, if possible, that that which has so recently aroused the honest citizens of St. Louis to the need for heroic action in dealing with official boodlers.

Contract Under Democracy.

For some unknown reason the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad did not take advantage of the prevailing corruption to rid itself of its three millions of indebtedness at the expense of the taxpayers of the state. This road, after the democrats came into power, paid the entire amount of its indebtedness, with interest.

In face of these record facts, can there be any question as to who is responsible for this debt of twenty-five millions of dollars?

In the face of the inaugural message of a republican governor, "that the roads are ample security for the amounts advanced to them respectively," can any honest republican today hold that his party did not put a debt of $6,760,000 on the people, when for $200,000 it released the state's lien against the Wabash for the entire amount of that road's indebtedness?

Can any republican face an intelligent audience and hold that the releasing of the Missouri Pacific's loan of $5,780,000, in the face of the report of the legislative committee (made at the same session), that the road was worth over twelve millions of dollars, or the sale of the Iron Mountain to the lowest bidder, or the giving away of the Frisco with over a million acres of land for the paltry sum of $325,000, was an honest transaction?

Convincing Facts.

No fair-minded, intelligent Missourian, whatever his politics, can go over these records and fail to be convinced:

First, that the democrats in loaning the credit of the state in aid of the construction of these railroads, took ample security to protect the state against the loss of a single dollar—security which the republicans themselves, through their own governor and legislative committee, pronounced ample.

Second—That these securities were corruptly squandered by republican officials.

Third—That the squandering of the securities fastened a direct debt upon the people of $25,000,000.

After the republicans had thus saddled a direct debt of $25,000,000 upon the people, they reduced this total, before retiring from power, to $20,889,000.

This reduction was effected by use of funds received from the federal government to reimburse the state for moneys advanced by Missouri in the prosecution of the war, and by the collection of military and other taxes levied directly on the people.

Under the liberal republican administration of Gov. Brown the debt was increased $879,000.

When Democrats Took Hold.

So, when the democrats came into power in 1873 they found the state debt to be $21,768,000, bearing 6 and 7 per cent. interest, and the bonds at a discount.

The tax rate during the six years the republicans were in power averaged 60 cents on the $100, and included, besides, during the years 1865 and 1866, a one-dollar revenue poll tax and a two-dollar military poll tax. So whatever reduction the republicans made in the debt, exclusive of the amount received from the federal government as war indemnity money, was taken from the people by the most excessive and burdensome taxation ever known outside of the carpet-bag ridden states of the south.

The democrats began a reduction of the state debt by restoring the credit of the commonwealth, which enabled them to refund the bonds at a rate of interest practically half of what the people were required to pay under republican management.

In order to lighten the burdens of the people, the tax rate was reduced until to-day it is only 25 cents for all state purposes.

In spite of this reduction of more than 50 per cent. in the tax rate, the democrats have steadily reduced the debt, until to-day it amounts to only $5,180,839.42.

Of this sum $4,393,839.42 is held in trust by the state for educational purposes, the interest on which goes annually to the support of our public schools.

This left outstanding bonds to the amount of $787,000, every cent of which will be paid during the coming year.

In spite of this excellent business showing, the leading republican organ of the state clamorously insists that the democrats have been too long in paying the debt.

It is true it has been a long and weary road for the taxpayers of Missouri, now happily almost ended, but it is scarcely becoming a riotous spoilsman of the dark days of republican misrule in Missouri to complain of the length of the journey.

To use the language of an exceptionally intelligent southwest Missouri editor, the man who deliberately sets fire to his own house should not be too critical as to the amount of water his neighbor uses in extinguishing the flames.

UNIVERSAL COUSINSHIP.

The Result of Constant Inter-Marriage Between Reigning European Families.

Constant intermarrying between reigning families has produced a universal cousinship in the two great, divisions—Protestant and Catholic—of the ruling caste; and when one highness weds another the pair are bound to share several ancestors and ancestress in common. It is interesting to note that from the handsome and clever Caroline of Anspach, queen consort of King George II., descended Caroline of Brunswick, cousin and queen consort of King George IV., Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra, and Victoria Mary, princess of Wales.

Caroline of Brunswick, a princess of ill-regulated disposition and inelegant bearing, was not allowed to share her husband's coronation or to figure at his court as queen. The brains and tact of Caroline of Anspach descended in full measure to her grandson's granddaughter, Queen Victoria; while more than her beauty has appeared in Queen Alexandra, and a large portion of her common sense shows itself in the present princess of Wales.—London Modern Society.

Sir Boyle Roche's "Bulls."

He was the father of "bulls." It was he that asserted that "the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump." At another time, in conveying a warm invitation to a friend, he remarked: "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house that 'you'll stay there all night." He may have been the fool of the Grattan parliament, but there was a good deal of native shrewdness hidden away behind all his foolishness. To Curran, when the latter once exclaimed in the midst of a debate that he needed aid from no one, and could be "the guardian of his own honor," Sir Boyle instantly interjected his sarcastic congratulations to the honorable member on his possession of a sinecure. But possibly the gem of his rhetoric was the picture which he conjured up on one occasion to bring home to his hearers the excesses of the French revolutionary mob. "Here, perhaps, sir, the murderous marshal law men (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mincemeat, and throw our bleeding heads on that table to stare us in the face."—London Express.

The Marriageable Age.

In Germany a "man" in order to marry must be at least 18 years of age.

In Portugal a boy of 14 is considered marriageable, and a "woman" of 12.

In Greece the "man" must have seen at least 14 summers, and the "woman" 12.

In France the "man" must be 18 and the "woman" 16.

In Belgium the same ages.

In Spain the intended husband must have passed his 14th year and the woman her 12th.

In Austria a "man" and a "woman" are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the age of 14.

In Turkey any youth and maiden who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious services are allowed to be united for life.—London Modern Society.

A Psychological Deduction.

"My dear," said the wife of the eminent professor, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant that you sowed."

"Ah, jealousy!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on the "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Bipeds."—Baltimore American.

Serenity.

"I am afraid our friend has said something he will be sorry for."

"No," was the melancholy answer. "I don't think so. Anybody who didn't know better than to say what he did in the first place isn't likely to know when it's time to be sorry."—Washington Star.

And They Were Sorry Afterward.

"Why," said the man who does not believe in a large navy, "should we go to the expense of building more ships?"

"Well," answered the man who does not jump at conclusions, "you know that is what Noah's neighbors said before the flood."—Washington Star.

Further Data Wanted by the Bishop.

Archbishop Ryan's friends tell this story of his grace: The archbishop was about to take a train for Baltimore at the Broad Street station, when a young man accosted him, saying: "Your face is familiar. Where in hell have I seen you?"

"I really don't know," said the archbishop, blandly. "What part of hell do you come from?"—Philadelphia Times.